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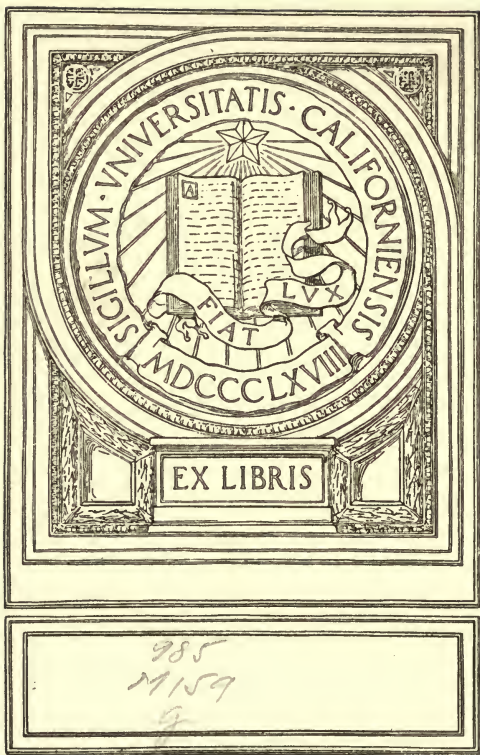
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MAIN

Grandfather's

Legacy.

YC 14570



To Bess

With love

from

The author's

Grand-daughter
Virginia Gibbs

September 20 / 36

A 10x10 grid of dots forming a pattern that resembles a stylized '10' or a similar abstract shape. The dots are arranged in a way that suggests a large number '10' with some internal structure.

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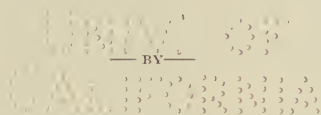


Sept. 27, 1892

Samuel McKoon

b. 1802
d. 1893

GRANDFATHER'S LEGACY



SAMUEL MCKOON.

//

*Silver and Gold have I none, but such as I have
give I thee.—Acts III, 6.*

' Intrepid virtue triumphs over fate :
The good can never be unfortunate.
And be this maxim graven in the mind,
The height of virtue is to serve mankind."

—GRAINGER.

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1892

MAIN

*To his Children, Grandchildren, Great Grandchildren,
Nephews and Nieces, these lines are affectionately
dedicated by the author, with his blessing.*

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THE universe is a vast system
Of forces that act night and day ;
And the soul of man has the freedom
Its infinite realms to survey.
The omnific source of existence,
In boundless efficiency arrayed,
From an undiminishing fulness
Of matter existing or made,
Educed a palpable universe ;
But how, for what purpose or when,
Are questions omniscience can answer,
Not demi-gods, angels nor men.
When the sovereign Fiat was issued
The elements doubtless obeyed it : (1)
The world is a manifestation
Of the Great Spirit that made it. (2)
The web of the Cosmos is infinite,
Limitless in its dimension :
Its *wrap* encircles immensity,
Its *woof* of equal extension.
Its *height* far transcends our conception,
Unable its *depths* to explore,

(1) Psalms 33, verse 9.

(2) Romans 1st, verse 20.

We bow reverentially silent,
Contemplate, admire and adore.
Some say that the planets are fragments,
By *Chance* thrown away from the sun :
And state it with all the assurance
They would were they present when done ;
That the land is petrified sunbeams,
The water the sweat Nature shed,
When toiling to heave up huge mountains
And scoop out the vast ocean's bed.
If *Chance* constructed the Universe
And our solar system projected ;
And performed the labor so deftly
No error can now be detected ;
With mathematical certainty
Both motion and distance computed
Then *Chance* is a geometrician
With power and skill undisputed.
He that inhabits eternity, (1)
In whom we exist, live and move, (2)
And who is the essence and fountain
Of Justice, of Wisdom and Love,

(1) Isaiah 57, verse 15.

(2) Acts 17, verse 28.

Permeates and vivifies all things ;
 His presence is felt everywhere :
 The blossoms are His sense of beauty,
 Ripe fruits are the hints of His care.
 He fosters the lily and sparrow (1)
 And numbers the hairs of our head : (2)
 The parental God of all living ;
 And is not the God of the dead. (3)
 A Being without circumference,
 Whose center is everywhere,
 In the sun, the stars and the comets,
 The planets and ambient air,
 He is in all life and immanent
 In creatures of every grade ;
 And His ubiquitous energy
 Preserves all the things that are made.
 Volcanic flames are His ministers, (4)
 Giving vent to internal fires ;
 The craters permanent safety valves
 For use as occasion requires.
 The lightnings, too, are His ministers,

(1) Mat. 6, verse 28; Luke 12, verses 6 and 7.

(2) Luke 12, verse 7.

(3) Mark 12, verse 27.

(4) Heb. 1, verse 7.

In the clouds, above, and beneath ;
They cleanse the air of impurities
And make it more wholesome to breathe.
The tireless winds are His messengers,
And with them, when under control,
We voice the emotions of Friendship ;
And music entrances the soul.
In His spacious laboratory,
Matter, tried by fire and by frost,
Undergoes many transformations,
Not the smallest atom is lost.
Ice turns into water and vapor
By due application of heat ;
Grass changes to hair, wool and feathers
By different animals eat.
The dewdrop that forms after nightfall
And sleeps on the violet's breast,
In the morning was part of the ocean,
A stranger to quiet and rest.
The earth is the Lord's in its fulness ; (1)
The cattle on every hill ;
The attraction of gravitation
The result of His sovereign will.

(1) Psalms 24, verse 1.

All souls are His and belong to Him, (1)
 The soul of the father and son,
 And though mothers their nurslings forget, (2)
 He never forgets anyone.
 No man hath at any time seen Him; (3)
 And past finding out are His ways; (4)
 For mourning He gives oil of gladness, (5)
 For sadness the garments of praise;
 Distributes alike to all people
 His impartial sunshine and rain; (6)
 Makes even the wrath of man praise Him;
 The remainder He will restrain. (7)
 And of Him, and through Him, and to Him,
 Are all things below and above: (8)
 God over all blessed forever,
 Unchangeable, infinite love. (9)
 All matter that *is*, *was*, and *shall be*,
 Whatever its nature or name,
 And however changed in appearance,
 Its essence and office the same.

(1) Ezekiel 18, verse 4.

(2) Isaiah 49, verse 15.

(3) John 1, verse 18.

(4) Rom. 11, verse 33.

(5) Isaiah 61, verse 3.

(6) Matt. 5, verse 45.

(7) Psalm 76, verse 10.

(8) Rom. 11, verse 36.

(9) I John 4, verse 16.

The chemist assays earthy matter
And readily finds it contains
The substance of all vegetation
And also of muscle and brains ;
Finds stones, when properly pulverized,
Make suitable soil to grow wheat,
Of which the children of Abraham
And Isaac and Jacob may eat ; (1)
Finds particles tiny declaring,
Though not with an audible voice,
Their strong predilections, attachments,
Attractions, repulsions and choice.
He can make diminutive compounds
Give intonations like thunder ;
Find power in a gill of pure water
To rend Gibraltar asunder :
Proves diamonds are crystalized carbon,
Evaporates iron and steel,
And under provided conditions
Spins glass which he winds on a reel :
With his alembic and crucible,
Can rarify, scatter or melt
Those things which by our human senses

(1) Matt. 3, verse 9; Luke 3, verse 8.

Are seen, heard, smelled, tasted or felt :
Finds compounds of all simple bodies,
In their elementary state,
Are definite in their proportions
Of relative measure or weight ;
And learns, in reducing those compounds,
To bring their proportions to light ;
They part in numerical ratios,
And will in no other unite ;
And is not surprised that a poet,
When seeing such order prevails,
Asserts hills were weighed in a balance
And mountains were weighed upon scales. (1)
Ask chemists if they can determine
The true composition of mind,
They answer, it doubtless is matter,
But of an intangible kind.
Chemists deal with tangible matter,
And although their field is immense,
It is limited to such matter
As is cognizable to sense.
There are subjective realities,
To our intuitions as clear

(1) Isaiah 40, verse 12.

As objects we touch with our fingers,
Or sounds we detect by the ear.
We think their base electricity,
Though some are inclined to doubt it ;
One fact is beyond contradiction
No living thing is without it.
Another thing we should remember
And give it legitimate force,
Life and mental manifestations
Have the same original source.
All sciences tend to unity ;
And facts are what scientists need :
Facts teach them Theistic Pantheism ;
And that is the sum of their creed.
They do not think *nothing* made *something*
Without the utensils to make it ;
And cannot conceive that mere nothing
Had motive to undertake it.
In tracing the lines of causation,
To find their original source,
They come to a perfect agreement,
And call it Intelligent Force.
They care not what name others give it,
To them it is the Great First Cause,

Of all conceivable entities
That governs by permanent laws.
That Cause they reverence, believing
By it they exist, live and move ;
And if an agnostic should ask them
That Intelligent Force to prove,
They answer, things are proved by equals,
A part does not equal the whole;
And man is, in his highest estate,
But *part* of the Great Oversoul.
Man is really a microcosm,
A world in himself with its cares ;
And mind as much a reality
As is the gross body he bears.
Our souls may be electricity,
Divinely directed and taught
To use the brain as an instrument
To manufacture normal thought.
Normal thought is a seriation,
With sensation it commences ;
But abnormal thoughts and ideas
Come through no gate of the senses.
For proof consult not the oracles
Of Judea, Athens or Rome,

But the mental manifestations
Of such men as Bishop and Home.
Soul material is plentiful,
And is not restricted to place,
And is in all probability
Diffused throughout infinite space.
And what is held in the atmosphere,
Revivifies life and saves it,
And every fresh inspiration
Is food for the soul that craves it.
The things once cherished in memory
Belong to the soul forever,
Though sometimes escaping consciousness,
Are annihilated never.
Thoughts that please, are by the soul cherished,
Are nurtured, matured and combined,
And in that condition constitute
What linguists denominate mind.
Mind is the moral part of the soul,
And is the accountable part,
And comprehends all our affections,
Which many ascribe to the heart.
The student of physiology
Well knows that the lungs and the heart,

Each in the order of nature,
Performs its determinate part.
Their mechanism, truly wonderful,
Is wrought with most exquisite skill,
And they act their parts emotionless,
Without the control of the will.
The lungs are a self-acting bellows,
And life is preserved by their means ;
The heart is a pump automatic,
And both heart and lungs are machines.
Souls cannot be weighed in balances,
Nor measured by rule nor by chain ;
Yet they are positive entities,
And as such shall ever remain.
Our bodies consist of particles,
Which constantly change, pass away ;
Our souls are made of material
Not subject to loss nor decay.
And if our physical bodies
Emotions of gratitude raise,
Our souls demand songs of thanksgiving,
In rapturous peans of praise.
Astronomers with their telescopes,
Pierce into the regions of space ;

And the paths of the heavenly bodies,
With careful exactitude trace ;
And say that from monads to mountains,
From mountains to planets and spheres,
From spheres to vast systems on systems,
Harmonious order appears.
That order is surely a postulate,
Suggesting a mind and a will,
And blind chance could not engineer things
With such mathematical skill.
The botanist, in his department,
Sees lichens, and mosses, and vines
Are not very distant relations
Of baobabs, banyans and pines :
That some plants will not live in water
And others will not on dry land ;
That calamus covets the quagmire,
And cactus the dry desert sand.
Plants, to some animals poisonous,
Are healthful to others when fed ;
Cassava root, *green*, to man baleful,
When *dried*, it makes excellent bread.
Vegetables live on minerals ;
And they in turn animals feed :

Some increase by fissiparation,
 And others grow only from seed.
 Seeds postulate both male and female,
 But plants do not commonly pair :
 Some are fertilized by the insects
 And others by currents of air.
 Some plants to continue their species
 Are to marriage union inclined ;
 The *Vallisneria Spiralis* *
 Convinces the skeptical mind.
 Priest Aaron's rod budded and blossomed, (1)
 The life was retained in the wood,
 Its growth was a natural process
 By botanists well understood.
 I write near a large spreading willow,
 A staff once a pilgrim forgot
 While quenching his thirst at a fountain
 That flowed from the ground near the spot.
 The botanist cannot discover
 (They having no will to control)
 Why the hop vine and the kidney bean
 Climb opposite ways round a pole.
 Plants grow from without by accretion,

* See Wood's Book of Nature.

(1) Numbers 17, verse 8.

With their sprouting rostels begin ;
While animals grow by nutrition
From food that is taken within.
Books teaching natural history
Most carefully read and digest,
Though claiming no high inspiration
They rank with the highest and best.
They teach that all sentient creatures
Are formed on a general plan,
And rise in apparent gradations
From zoophytes upward to man.
Of birds, beasts, fishes and insects
That crawl, walk, run, hop, swim or fly
Some enjoy life for five hundred years,
Others live a day, and then die.
Some animals dried with precaution
Regarding their preservation,
After being dried full twenty years
Are restored to animation.
Animate nature is regarded
As a complete unbroken chain,
And most of the links are visible,
A few undiscovered remain.
Mankind are materialized spirits,

Are triple faced unities, true,
Their bodies, the houses they live in,
Themselves, as they think and they do.
All men, of all races and nations,
Whoever, wherever they be,
Are possessed of similar faculties
That differ alone in degree.
As face answers to face in water, (1)
So do men's hearts to each other,
And whatever be his condition
Each man is surely your brother.
Some persons are very clairvoyant
And see midst the darkness of night;
And others are so clairaudient
They hear the soft music of light.
Somnambulists, walking in darkness,
Can frequently see where they go:
Clairvoyants with eyes sealed and bandaged
Can read, write, paint pictures and sew.
Then is it not more than probable
That Jesus, the Saviour, was right
When he said "if thine eye be single
The whole body is full of light"? (2)

(1) Prov. 27, verse 19.

(2) Matt. 6, verse 22.

The eyes as our organs of vision
Are useful, that no one denies ;
But it is the spirit within us
That sees *through* and *not with* the eyes.
Two births are natural processes
Through which human beings *must pass*, (1)
After which the spirit sees clearly,
Not darkly as seeing through glass. (2)
The birth of the body from water
Occurs with our earliest breath,
The actual birth of the spirit
Is what we denominate death.
The change we call death is transition,
Whatever its proximate cause,
A process in perfect accordance
With God's most beneficent laws.
To die is a boon, a great favor,
By a gracious parent bestowed,
A passport admitting His children
To a higher, better abode.
If a man die, shall he live again ? (3)
The gravest question of ages,

(1) John 3, verse 7.

(2) I Cor. 13, verse 12.

(3) Job 14, verse 14.

Has received a positive answer
From mediums, seers and sages.
The cereals die but to live again, (1)
Then why not man that has breath?
Annihilation? Impossible;
There can be no absolute death.
Many years of memory's record,
Most carefully scanned and reviewed,
Show continuous mental sameness;
My body has oft been renewed.
That mind retains its identity,
Is ample assurance to me;
That whatever change may await me,
Myself shall continue to be.
The soul's irrepressible longings,
Which no present joys can appease;
Hope, which survives all disappointments,
And in our pains promises ease;
Our highest and best intuitions
Induce us the truth to discern,
That lamps that are fed by God's spirit
Are destined forever to burn.
If doubts of your immortality

(1) I Cor. 15, verses 36 and 37.

Still linger, to darken the view,
 Do the will of our Father in heaven
 And *know* that the doctrine is true. (1)
 Numerous ministering spirits
 Are near us by night and by day;
 Clairvoyants can frequently see them,
 Clairaudients hear what they say.
 They appear to the young in bright visions (2)
 Of inexpressible beauty,
 And with holy motives, incite them
 To perseverance in duty.
 The old in their dreams, see the city
 Which built by the Ancient of Days (3)
 Has walls of eternal salvation
 And gates of perennial praise: (4)
 View the house by Wisdom erected, (5)
 Which on its seven hewn pillars stands,
 Its foundation, justice and judgment,
 The house that is not made with hands. (6)
 In that house are numerous mansions. (7)
 Apartments for all of the race,

(1) John 7, verse 17.

(2) Joel 2, verse 28; Acts 2, verse 17.

(3) Dan. 7, verse 9; 13th c., verse 22.

(4) Isaiah 60, verse 18.

(5) Prov. 9, verse 1.

(6) II Cor. 5, verse 1.

(7) John 14, verse 2.

Let not your hearts therefore be troubled (1)
For each one shall go to his place.
His place is the state or condition
Which he has prepared by his deeds,
Ignoring dogmatic opinions,
Professions and popular creeds.
We shall not all sleep for a moment, (2)
But in the twinkle of an eye
Mortal puts on immortality,
And the released spirit shall fly
Before that impartial tribunal,
Where none other merits can plead,
Good works and personal purity
Are all the protection we need.
Good deeds are the proper credentials
To present in that world from this,
And scaffolds are not fit stepping-stones
To enter the mansions of bliss.
Your ancestors, Luther and Williams,
Displayed independence of thought;
And you, their descendants, should profit
By the noble lessons they taught.
And learn each one is responsible

(1) John 14, verse 1.

(2) I Cor. 15, verses 51 and 52.

For his own salvation at least,
 And requires not the aid of a pope,
 A cardinal, bishop or priest.
 Each man should be priest in his own house,
 Commit to the Lord all his ways, (o)
 With unceasing prayer and thanksgiving,
 And Constant rejoicing and praise. (1)
 The path of the just shining brightly, (2)
 Shines brighter until perfect day
 Bursts on the rapt vision of pilgrims
 That walk the delectable way:
 The way never seen by the vulture, (3)
 And never by young lions trod ;
 It is the highway of holiness
 That leads up directly to God.
 A just person many times falleth (4)
 But not out of reach of God's grace ;
 The law of the Lord which is perfect
 Restores a just soul to its place. (5)
 A just person needs no repentance, (6)

(o) Psalm 37, verse 5; Proverbs 16, verse 3.

(1) Thes. 5, verses 16, 17, 18.

(2) Prov. 4, verse 18; Job 25, verses 7, 8; Isaiah 33, verses 8, 9, 10.

(3) Isaiah 35, verses 8, 9.

(5) Psalm 19, verse 7.

(4) Proverbs 24, verse 16

(1) Luke 15, verse 7.

The whole need not a physician; (1)
The only way to be saved from sin
Is to avoid its commission.
Man being part of a universe
Pervaded by permanent laws,
If he commit sin he shall suffer,
As sure as effect follows cause.
Let each upon memory's tablet
Have this truthful maxim engraved,
Whosoever walketh uprightly
Shall be everlastingly saved. (2)
Our consciousness proves our existence,
To realize it compels us;
Intuition, daughter of spirit,
Confirms what consciousness tells us.
Inspiration gives understanding, (3)
Perception and sense truths reveal,
And from their united decision
'Tis useless to make an appeal.
No cabala written on parchment,
Nor precepts engraved upon stone,
Have any binding authority

(1) Matt. 9, verse 12.

(2) Prov. 28, verse 18.

(3) Job 32, verse 8.

If they divine reason dethrone.
That some truths transcend human reason
God enables man to perceive ;
But what is repugnant to reason
He requires no one to believe.
Man is, but is he permitted
To will or to act as he please?
Or does fate sport with his destiny
And bind with unyielding decrees ?
If *motives* control human actions,
Persistently govern the scale,
Free will dominates *their* selection,
And chooses the ones that prevail.
Man having the freedom of choosing,
When erring is a transgressor,
If otherwise, then a man's conscience,
Untrue, deceives its possessor.
Man's conscience, if duly instructed,
Will aid him to walk in the light ;
And it is the true rule of action,
If not the complete rule of right.
Take the path then which conscience directs you,
Pursue it and never forsake it,
You shall certainly reap what you sow, (1)

(1) Galatians 6, verse 7.

Your fate shall be what you make it.
 To learn what is right and to do it,
 Acquire all of goodness he can,
 To hate what is evil and shun it,
 Comprise the chief duty of man.
 Duty done, if you will be perfect,
 You have a plain course to pursue,
 Do all things whatever to others
 Which you would have them do to you. (1)
 Do justly, love mercy, walk humbly, (2)
 And from your soul be forgiving, (3)
 Thus make your own heaven within you,
 The sure effect of right living.
 The kingdom of heaven is within you: (4)
 It is not a place, but a state,
 Of righteousness, peace and enjoyment,
 Which each for himself can create.
 Then work out your own soul's salvation, (5)
 For this you are able to do;
 Good angels are ready to aid you,
 If you the right course will pursue.
 Having sinned, repent, be converted,

(1) Matt. 7, verse 12.

(4) Luke 17, verse 21.

(2) Micah 6, verse 8.

(5) Phil. 2, verse 12.

(3) Matt. 6, verse 14.

And as you then know good from ill,
Press forward, go on to perfection,
By keeping a sanctified will.
If you would serve God acceptably,
In serving Him make no mistake,
Then serve your fellow men faithfully,
Serve them for humanity's sake.
Whoever does right from right motives,
Abounding in labors of love,
Shall be heir of God's peace here below,
And joint heir with Jesus above. (1)
Touch not the cup that intoxicates,
By whomsoever presented;
It contains no good to commend it,
Distilled, or brewed, or fermented;
And evil, and nothing but evil,
Has flowed from its use in the past;
It surely will bite like a serpent, (2)
And sting like an adder at last.
True love is a guardian angel,
Is delicate, gentle and pure;
And bears with compassionate kindness

(1) Rom. 8, verse 17.

(2) Proverbs 23, verse 32.

The evils it gladly would cure.
But lust is a demon incarnate;
Inhale not its poisonous breath,
Its tiniest touch is pollution,
Its willing embrace moral death.
Love is represented blindfolded,
A hint to all youths to be wise
In seeking companions in wedlock,
And choose by the *ears*, not the eyes.
From conjugal love springs maternal,
Paternal then surely is near,
When filial is joined by fraternal
Domestic and social appear.
A home and a family founded
Where all human virtues abound,
Foretell that terrestrial blessings
Shall soon by celestial be crowned.
Attention to prenatal culture,
In early connubial life,
Is an indispensable duty
Devolved upon husband and wife.
If wise you will heed this injunction,
And never through ignorance cause
Nor allow the slightest infraction

Of gestation's delicate laws.
Mankind should be taught in their childhood
That truth is of infinite worth,
And sciences are the avenues
That lead to her temple on earth.
The fossil Tradition is headless,
While blind Superstition has seven,
And ten horns to gore those unwilling
To tread his dark pathway to heaven.
Then study the volume of Nature,
Its lessons are free of expense;
It contains no interpolations
Nor glosses obscuring the sense.
It is the free gift of a Father
Who knew what his children would need;
Its interpretation is easy,
And whoever runneth may read.
Some books require interpretation,
Some men misinterpret for pelf;
But God is his own interpreter,
Simple truth interprets itself.
Philosophy, heaven born, clear sighted,
Has genuine Reason for a bride;
And both are true friends to Religion,

And to her are closely allied.
And 'tis clear as the sun at noontide,
So perfect is their alliance—
There can be no actual conflict
Between Religion and Science.
Religion, indeed, is a science,
Of sciences noblest and best;
It draws its support from a fountain
That purifies, hallows the rest.
Her ways are the ways of pleasantness,
All her paths are peace and delight;
A science whose service is freedom,
The science of living aright.
It prompts visitations to widows (1)
And orphans to furnish relief,
And with heartfelt commiseration
Condoles and assuages their grief.
It binds up the hearts that are broken
And sees that the naked are clad,
Gives food to the hungry with pleasure,
And makes the disconsolate glad: (2)
It visits the erring in prison,
The sick on their couches of pain,

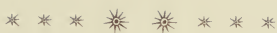
(1) James I, verse 27.

(2) Matt. 25, verses 35, 36.

And proves by a happy experience
That love never labors in vain.
The gift of discerning or seeing
The spirits of friends passed away,
Asserted by Paul the Apostle
As being well known in his day,
Is now bestowed upon multitudes,
And is not confined to one place,
But manifested by mediums
Of every nation and race.
This gift, which above all other gifts
Demands our praise to the Giver,
Sees a permanent, natural bridge
That spans death's much dreaded river.
A skilled telegraph operator,
By manipulating some keys,
Sends messages promptly and safely
Beyond distant rivers and seas;
Then why not the pens of mediums,
When under full spirit control,
Respond to the fingers of angels
That touch the keynotes of their soul?
Intelligent sentences written
At midday by beings unseen,

Inside of locked slates held by skeptics,
With naught but a pencil between,
Convince truly honest inquirers
If they are both candid and sane;
There is an intelligent power
Outside of man's body or brain.
This thing is not done in a corner,
The world is invited to view;
The fact is incontrovertible,
For it is demonstrably true.
Theologians and scientists
Who have such plain facts before them,
As teachers and guides of the people,
Cannot with credit ignore them.
Agnostics may quibble and cavil,
And throw all their doubts in the scale;
And error may writhe; truth is mighty
And shall ultimately prevail.
Faith, hope and love are the priceless three
Whose union death shall not sever;
They abide, and they shall continue
A living triad forever.
Faith thrives on the truths it embraces,
Fresh hopes from fruition arise,

And love having God for its author,
And filled with His life, never dies.
When faith has attained full assurance,
By hearing, and feeling, and sight,
Hope anchored in love enjoys visions
In living ethereal light.
The soul overjoyed with the knowledge
That those supposed dead live again,
Sings glory to God in the highest,
And shouts Hallelujah, Amen!
Since age has changed smiles into wrinkles,
Dulled hearing and dimmed earthly sight,
The spirit within me is quickened
And seeks unapproachable light.
The gates now ajar will soon open,
The glories reserved greet my eyes,
Azrael, the angel of freedom,
Release and admit to the skies.



The Butterfly's Wings

*An Instructive Lesson from the Volume
of Nature*



THE butterfly's wings in the worm are concealed
In chrysalis lying unheeded,
Through new birth to a higher life are revealed
The uses for which they are needed;
Then using its wings it instinctively flies
And visits the gardens and bowers,
No longer confined to the ground for supplies,
It feeds on the nectar of flowers.
Thus man should complacently anticipate
His destined and happy transition,
With spirit by discipline duly prepared
Beginning his angelic mission;
Revisiting earth upon errands of love:
Pursuing the pleasing vocation
Of ministering gently and kindly to those
Who shall be the heirs of salvation.*
Then hail! blessed revenants, legates of heaven;
And banished be doubts and complaints!
You indicate future progression to man,
And prove the communion of saints.
All tears of contrition by penitents shed,
Bewailing departure from right,
Shall change into luminous jewels to deck
The robes of the children of light;
And tears of compassionate sympathy poured
From fountains consecrated by love,
Transmuted to diamonds celestially pure,
Adorn the blest mansion above.

(*) Hebrews 1, verse 14.

“ Our ingress to life is naked and bare,
Our progress through life is labor and care,
Our egress from life is no one knows where;
If we do well here 'twill be well with us there:
I can't preach you more truth if I preach a
year.”

—*Dean Swift.*

OUR ingress to earth-life is helpless and bare,
Our progress through it is encumbered with
care ;

Lest we digress from the right we should beware,
For things which in outward appearance are fair
Are often deceptive, and sometimes a snare,
And trap the incautious before they're aware.
As each one his self-imposed burden should bear,
So those who transgress must the consequence
share,

For justice ne'er varies the breadth of a hair.
As regress is possible, do not despair,
Revenants from the home of spirits declare
Our mistakes made here may be rectified there;
That pardoning mercy is free as the air,
That God ever listens to penitent prayer
And readily answers it everywhere.
And Wisdom exclaims for your egress prepare,
Repent and reform, to do right always dare;
What sin has disordered good deeds may repair;
Of life everlasting each soul is an heir.
In our Father's house is enough and to spare;
And if we the white robes of righteousness wear,
Ambrosia and nectar shall then be our fare,
And nothing be able our bliss to impair.

* * * * *

☼ *Epimetheus* ☼

* * * * *

WHILE friends at this annual greeting
Are pledging their friendships anew
I take at this ninetieth milestone
Of my life a hasty review.

I have had many disappointments,
Have had heavy burdens to bear,
Yet hope has persistently buoyed me
Above the dark rocks of despair.

Though my path has often been darkened,
My mistakes and errors been rife,
Goodness and mercy have followed me
Throughout all the days of my life.

To Him who has graciously kept me,
And given me fullness of days,
Be glory and honor forever—
Let all that have breath sound His praise.

'Tis a joy to live in this climate,
Partaking its luxuries rare,
To feast on its fruits so delicious,
And breathe its salubrious air.

But there is the law of progression,
And it should be gladly obeyed,
For when we leave earth we shall enter
A school of a different grade.

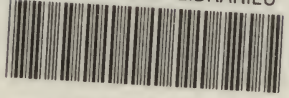
God never intended his children
Should always remain upon earth
Attached to corruptible bodies,
He therefore gives each a new birth.

I know my transition approaches,
But let it come early or late,
From San Diego to Paradise,
The change will not be very great.

FANITA RANCHO, CALIFORNIA, September 27, 1892.

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